

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office 916 E. Main Street.
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POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday, \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00
Daily without Sunday, 2.00 1.00 .50
Sunday only, 2.00 1.00 .50
Weekly (Wednesday), 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—
One Week One Year
Daily with Sunday, 11 cents \$4.50
Daily without Sunday, 10 cents 4.00
Sunday only, 5 cents 2.00
(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance)
Entered January 27, 1907, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1907.

People who are dishonest, or rash, or stupid, will inevitably suffer the penalties of dishonesty, or rashness, or stupidity.—Herbert Spencer.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The first Philippine Assembly opens this week, and Secretary Taft is present to help inaugurate home rule for the Filipinos. The spirit of democracy seems to predominate, for at the caucus a motion to open the Assembly with prayer was defeated, on the ground that church and state should be kept distinct. The Nationalists have a large majority in the Assembly, and the radicals among them, those demanding immediate independence, are in the ascendancy, while the United States Philippine Commission, the upper house of the Philippine Legislature, is controlled by the exponents of evolutionary principles—four Americans and three Filipinos. The lower house represents the prevailing sentiment of the Filipino people; the upper house the government of the United States and its policy for the time being. The two branches of the Legislature are controlled, therefore, by men who stand for principles fundamentally and radically different.

So says a Batangas writer in the South Atlantic Quarterly, and he makes an earnest plea to Americans for his country. It is humiliating that so many Americans look upon the Philippine Islands merely as so much public land, to be disposed of whenever the property can be sold to advantage. Thus far these possessions have been very costly, and hence the cry from various sources: "Sell the Philippines!" But it must be remembered that the islands are inhabited by some 8,000,000 men, women and children, and that we cannot sell the land without selling the inhabitants as a whole. It is a brutal proposition and unworthy of any nation that professes Christian civilization. The Filipinos fell into our hands through no fault of their own. Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, destroyed the Spanish ships and took possession of the archipelago, without once saying to the natives, "by your leave." In the final settlement with Spain we allowed her \$20,000,000 as a consolation prize, and we thought the islands cheap at the price. "Soon after the capture we rather boasted that we were going to do the part of an affectionate guardian by the Filipinos, and our policy of benevolent assimilation began."

We have done them some good, but that we have also done them much harm is attested by Bishop Brent, who has lived and worked among the Filipinos, and who has come home to demand justice for them—to demand that they shall not be further degraded by American interlopers, and that they shall not be further plundered by American corporations. We cannot as an honorable nation treat the Filipinos and their islands as goods and chattels, to be exploited for gain and to be sold off to the highest bidder when we have tired of them.

"Among the best sons of free America," says the Batangas writer above quoted, "it seems to us that the question is not whether the possession of the Philippines will pay, but rather whether the United States will do justice to the Filipino people. The one involves the element of materialism, and wherever it exists negation of liberty is present. Wherever it is present liberty is absent. The other contains the element of righteousness, the immutable basis of the best, the happiest and the closest relations, not only among men, but among the nations of the earth."

We must consider the Philippine question from our standpoint of honor and righteousness. We must deal with the Filipinos justly and righteously, not for their sake alone, but for our own. We cannot do them wrong without injuring this nation more seriously than we injure the Philippines. In inflicting injury action and reaction are not equal, for reaction is greater.

AS THE WARSHAW COMING TO RICHMOND.
What are the Goulds going to do with their road to Ashland? It is one of the best built lines in the country, and quite capable of carrying the heaviest locomotives. There is popular belief, therefore, that the road is designed to form a link in the Gould system of steam roads. This belief will be strengthened by the announcement from Washington that the Gould system, which controls the Western Maryland Railroad, and will make its

trans-continental terminal at Baltimore, is soon to secure direct connection with Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun states on "high railroad authority" that this connection will be made by way of the Virginia shore of the Potomac. The Western Maryland, he says, will be connected with Washington over the tracks of the Great Falls and Old Dominion Electric Railway, which now extends from the terminal of the Capital Traction Company, at Georgetown, to the Great Falls of the Potomac, fourteen miles above Washington. This line, which is said to be one of the most substantially constructed electric railways in the land, crosses the Aqueduct Bridge from Georgetown to Rosslyn, Va., and then follows the Virginia bank of the river to Great Falls. The electric road, says the correspondent, will be connected with the Western Maryland, and the Washash will build a railway terminal near the Virginia end of the Aqueduct Bridge, at Rosslyn, with a fine passenger station, and there will be ample freight facilities. Although this terminal will be in Virginia, it will be as accessible to Washington as is the Union Station in the city.

The Times-Dispatch does not vouch for this interesting rumor. There may be nothing in it; or it may have been purposely set afloat to draw attention away from other plans the owners of the Washash may have in mind. But there is no doubt that the Washash is working towards Washington, and the Ashland branch has its nose pointed in the same direction. Would it be a strange thing if the two should meet by and by?

The Houston Post barker for the big show says that Texas is "epicurean." Feeling free to offer long odds on a certainty, we now and hereby wager one glorious Albatross pipkin of Old Virginia against seven carloads of Texas punknettes that the Post man can't to this minute give the meaning of epicurean without a preliminary round trip to the lexicon.

Furthermore, the presence of a large number of out-of-town visitors in our city during these first weeks of autumn has served to advertise to the world, as few other happenings could have done, the peculiar charm and fragrance of the gentle little Richmond mothballs.

A ray of light illumines the black void. According to a New York dispatch of Friday, the price of refined petroleum for export has been raised thirty cents by the Standard. Maybe it is the European proletariat, after all, who'll have to pay that fine.

Says the Brooklyn Eagle: "Governor Hughes' motto at Jamestown, 'Every man for the people,' is a good campaign slogan." It also stacks up as a good popular sentiment when set against Mr. Harriman's motto: "All the people for me."

Chicago now has so many murder cases awaiting trial that it needs more courts. This leads us to speculate: Can it possibly be as wicked to kill a Chicago man as it would be to kill a gentleman from splendid old Richmond?

In a couple of months, when it is too late, chronic kickers and hypochondriacs will begin to realize how grateful they should have felt during these glad carefree weeks without the Congressional Record.

Ten thousand people are murdered in the United States every year, including, unfairly enough, a few who have never played "Sing Me to Sleep" on a three-room-flat piano.

The news that the existing Democratic party in Massachusetts has split is almost as surprising as would be the same tidings about the Henry Cabot Lodge boom.

Secretary William H. Taft may be, as the Chicago News says, "a fine drummer," but he has not yet staked his reputation on a trip to sell the Philippines.

Possibly that Mississippi pilot who was fired by presidential wire will also be found among those who are rooting for Charles Hughes next summer.

Mr. Roosevelt has just gone on record as saying that he likes to be called "Teddy." As usual, Mr. Roosevelt gets what he wants.

Immigration to this country is at the rate of over 1,000,000 a year. However, football does what it can to balance things.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

(Copyright, 1907, by the Globe Newspaper Co.)

"The Unspeakable Turk."—THOMAS CARLYLE, November 24, 1876.



THOMAS CARLYLE

There seems to be a hope for the present," said Carlyle, in a letter to his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, of Dumfries, "that Dizzy (Disraeli) is crippled in regard to his Turk war, or a war of any kind . . . and, in brief, there is no chance of his ever trying to become a Chatham in this world, to which he has long been a disgrace, in all wise men's opinions."

The development of a public sentiment in London, and elsewhere in the kingdom, against English assistance to the Turks in Bulgaria, began in September, 1876. The series of meetings which protested against the temporizing course of the government reached a climax Decem-

ber 8th in a two-session sitting of the "national conference on the Eastern question" at St. James' Hall, London.

The Duke of Westminster presided in the afternoon, and Lord Shaftesbury in the evening. Among the speakers was James Bryce, now ambassador at Washington.

A letter from Carlyle to one of the promoters of the meeting appeared in the Times newspaper November 28th, or ten days before the date assigned for the gathering. In the first paragraph he paid a high compliment to Russia.

"It is my belief," said he, "that Russia is called upon to do great things in this world . . . and to undertake a war against Russia, in behalf of the Turk, is nothing less than insanity."

To England there is one vital interest, and one only, that of securing its road to India, which depends on Egypt and the Suez Canal.

The closing words are in part: "The only clear advice I have to give is, as I have stated, that the unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question, and the country left to the honest European guidance."

7. Carlyle

Rhymes for To-Day.

A PLEA FOR UNITY OF THE WARD-ROBE.

NOW these be the days when "Vox Populi" notes
Strut in costumes of oddest variety:
Incongruous jumbles of shoes, shirts
and coats,
Not meant for each other's society.
A Panama due at the summer-clothes-chest,
An ulster as warm as sweet charity—
This pair on a party without any vest
Strikes me as a great peculiarity.
A triple-soled boot on an openwork sock;
A muffler—that Yuletide commodity—
Enwrapping a negligee chest—it's a shock;
So marked is its absolute oddity.
And ditto fur-piece athwart peckaboo boots,
A surcoat thrown over a dimity—
Devices like these must compel one
to muse
On heterogeneous sublimity.

A spirit of unity's due to one's boots,
One's hat, shirtwaist, coat and per-
fumery:
Aye, since we already have got union
suits,
Let's now have some union cos-
tumery.
H. S. H.

STRIKERS IGNORE ORDER OF SMALL

President of Commercial Telegraphers is Asked to Resign His Post.

NEW YORK, October 14.—Superintendent Belvidere Brooks, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, said that four of the company's former telegraphers appeared for reinstatement to-day.

Late to-day the telegraphers held a meeting at which resolutions were passed calling upon President S. J. Small to resign his office immediately. Several addresses were made, and there was considerable discussion of the resolution, a few of the telegraphers declaring that President Small was guilty of nothing more than a tactical error, and should not be so severely censured.

Union Officers Resume. CLEVELAND, OHIO, October 14.—Notwithstanding the formal resolution adopted yesterday at a meeting of the local branch of the telegraphers' union to continue the strike indefinitely, a number of men applied for their old places to-day, and in several instances were reinstated. Among the men who returned to work to-day were two former officers in the local branch of the union.

Vote to Continue. WASHINGTON, D. C., October 14.—The Washington local of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, at a meeting to-day, voted unanimously to continue the strike.

All File Applications. CHARLESTON, S. C., October 14.—All of the telegraph operators here have filed applications for their old places to-day, and in several instances were reinstated. Among the men who returned to work to-day were two former officers in the local branch of the union.

FOR FOREST RESERVE

Government to Send Experts to Site of Proposed Appalachian Reservation.

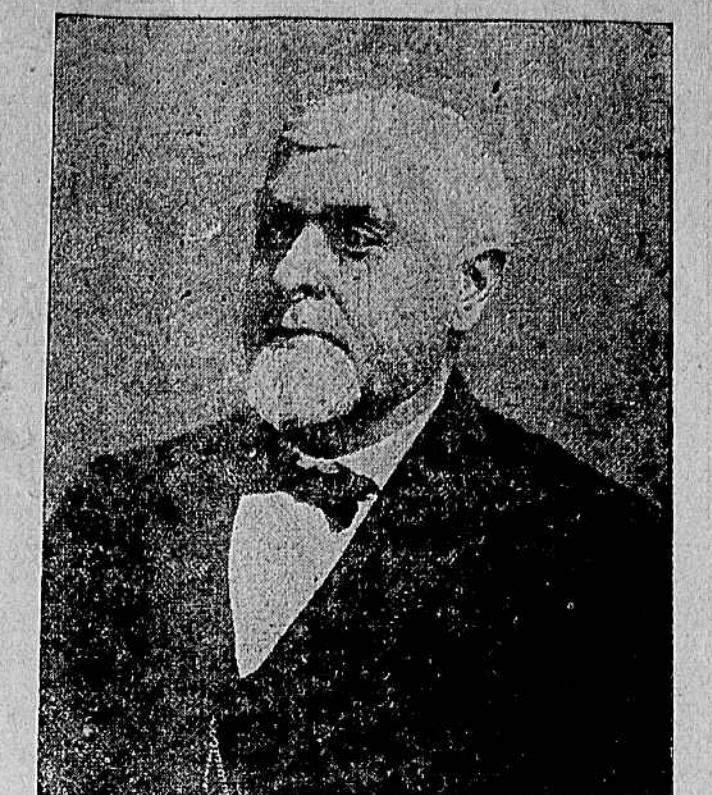
Times-Dispatch Bureau, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., Oct. 14.—Secretary Wilson, after consultation with Senator Frazier, of Tennessee, that a party of experts would be sent to Asheville on the 22d of this month for the purpose of beginning investigations looking to the creation of the Appalachian forest reserve. Senator Frazier has introduced in the bill last winter appropriating \$25,000 for the expense of making the preliminary examination of the territory proposed to be included in the reserve.

The party will be composed of timber, soil and topographic experts, who will make such examination as will enable them to report intelligently upon the cost of the land to be purchased by the government for inclusion in the survey, the value of the timber thereon, and the feasibility of the project generally.

The object of the creation of this national reserve is to prevent the frequent overflow of the country drained by water courses which have their headwaters in the Appalachian range. The destruction of the forests of the Appalachians causes the surface waters to run off so rapidly that the headwaters in the Appalachian range, resulting destruction of thousands of dollars' worth of property every year.

Will Wed at 74. HAGERSTOWN, Md., October 14.—William Powell, widower, seventy-four years old, and Henrietta Faulde, widow, seventy-two years old, both of Pleasant Walk, Frederick county, Saturday afternoon took out a marriage license. The prospective groom, who could not write, made his mark when he took out the license.

COLONEL SLEMP LAID TO REST; WIFE NOT TOLD OF DEATH



CONGRESSMAN CAMPBELL SLEMP.

Simple Services Held at the Home in Big Stone Gap and Masons Escort the Body to Birthplace for Burial.

BRISTOL, VA., October 14.—The funeral of Congressman Slemp was held at his home at Big Stone Gap, this afternoon. The body was quietly removed from the home at 1 P. M. and sent to Turkey Cove, in Lee county, the native home of the Congressman. The local Masonic organizations had charge of the funeral, and, in uniform, escorted the body from Big Stone Gap to the place of burial.

On account of the critical illness of the widow of Colonel Slemp, who only

would accept a nomination again. It was with difficulty that he was induced to make the race last year, as he has large business interests which demand all his time.

R. T. Irvine, of Big Stone Gap, has often been spoken of in connection with the Democratic nomination. He is an able lawyer, and a man of wide acquaintance and popularity throughout the district. Hitherto he has devoted himself so closely to business that he has not considered accepting a nomination to a political office, but it is possible that he may consider such a proposition. He is a native of Kentucky, but was educated in Virginia, and has become identified with the State with the readiness of sons of the Dominion when they come to the Old Dominion.

Other Good Timber. Ex-Attorney-General Rufus A. Ayers, of Wise, has been offered the nomination to the Democratic nomination, but he has already declined to accept it, since his retirement from the office of Attorney-General, which he held during the administration of Governor Fitzhugh Lee.

There are many other men of prominence in the district who would make excellent members of Congress. Hon. Henry C. Stuart, who will soon retire from the Corporation Commission, has often been spoken of in connection with the Democratic nomination, but he has always said his friends say when the time comes he will accept it. There is a general belief that he contemplates being a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, and will make an announcement to that effect after his retirement from the commission in February of next year.

It is presumed Governor Swanson will come with Ninth District citizens and fix the special election for a day agreeable to the wishes of the majority, possibly at some time in December.

GENDARMES EJECT PRIESTS

Scenes of Violence in France Follow Enforcement of Separation Act.

LANDERNEAU, DEPARTMENT OF FINISTERE, FRANCE, October 14.—The priests of the Department of Finisterre, in Brittany, refused to quit their parishes, which were to be turned into communes, under the church and state separation law, are now being expelled by the aid of gendarmes. At many places resistance was encountered. At Landerneau the gendarmes were forced to break the doors of the parishes in order to eject the priests, who were surrounded by weeping women. At Penar, after a tumultuous scene, the gendarmes took possession of the bell in the tower of the church, in order to prevent the priests from arousing the people.

ELEVATION OF NEGRO.

This and Christian Uplifting of Foreigners in Missionaries' Theme.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, October 14.—The raising to a higher state in the Christian world, not only the negro race, but the hordes of foreigners who become American citizens each year, formed the principal theme of the address before the American Missionary Association at the sessions of the Tri-City League of Churches here to-day.

Notable addresses were delivered by Justice David J. Brewer on the importance of the American mission work to the nation; by Bishop C. B. Gallo-way, of Mississippi, on the Christian elevation of the negro, and by former Governor W. J. Northington, of Georgia, who told of the work of the Christian League of Georgia, an organization in that State, which is composed of members of both races, and has done much to lessen crime.

GREAT CATHOLIC BODY.

Churchmen to Attend International Congress of European League.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., October 14.—Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church from all parts of the world are arriving here to attend the international Congress of the Eucharistic League, which convenes to-morrow in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The meeting, which is the first international one to be held in America, is expected to deal with a number of important matters affecting the church. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, will celebrate pontifical high mass at the opening of the meeting, and the Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Kelley, of Savannah, Ga., will preach the sermon.

NECESSARY PAPERS REQUIRED TO BRING MILLER FROM LONDON

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] WASHINGTON, D. C., October 14.—John Wren, of the Richmond detective force, called at the State Department to-day and secured the extradition papers for John Miller, held in London on the charge of robbing express cars of baggage in Virginia.

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Makers of Men's Exceptional Clothing

The Powers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson
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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Has Ivor's message—to do with that?" I almost gasped.

"Perhaps. But he had no good news of it to give you. If you want news—if you want the document, it must be through me."

"Anything, anything on earth you like to ask for the document, if you can get it for me. I will do it. I pleaded, all my pride and anger gone."

"I ask you to tell the police that Ivor Dundas was in your house from a little after midnight until after 1. Will you do that?"

"I must," I said. "If you have the document to sell, and are determined to sell it at no other price. But if I do what you ask, it will spoil my life, for it will kill my lover's love, when he knows I have lied to him. Still, it will save him from—I stopped, and bit my lip. 'Will you give me the diamonds, too?' I asked, humbly enough now."

"The diamonds?" She looked bewildered. "The diamonds in the brocade bag. Oh, surely they are still in the bag?" "Yes, they are—they will be in the bag," the girl answered, her charming mouth suddenly resolute, though her eyes were troubled. "You shall have the diamonds, and the document, too, for that one promise."

"How is it possible that you can give me the document?" I asked, suspiciously, for that she should come to me after I had endured because of it, seemed too good to be true; that it should come through this girl seemed incredible.

"Ivor sent me to find it, and I found it," she said simply. "That was why I couldn't come to you yesterday. I didn't know how I was to do it at first, because I had no one to help or advise me; and Ivor said it was under some flower-pots in a box on the balcony of the room where the man was murdered."

"I was so afraid I wouldn't be able to get into the room itself, so it seemed difficult. But I thought it all out, and hired a room for the evening in a house next door, pretending I was a New York journalist. I had to wait until after dark, and then I climbed across from one balcony to the other. It wasn't so easy to do as it looked from the photograph I saw, because it was so high up, and the balconies were quite far apart after all. But I couldn't fail Ivor, and I got across. The rest was nothing—except the climbing back. I don't know how the document came in the box, though I suppose Ivor put it there to hide it from the police. It was wrapped up in a towel; and it's quite clean."

"I think," I said slowly, "when she had finished her story, 'that you have a right to set a high price on that document. You are a brave girl.'"

"It's not much to be brave for a man you love, is it? And now I'm going to give the thing to you, because I trust you. Mademoiselle de Renise, I trust you. And I hope, oh, I feel, it won't hurt you as you think it will."

Then, as if it had been some ordinary paper, she whipped from a long pocket of a coat she wore the treaty, she put it into my hand. I felt it. This was the treaty. I kissed it. This was the treaty. I kissed it. This was the treaty. I kissed it.

"Do you know what this is, Miss Forrest?" I asked.

"No," she said. "It was yours, or Ivor's. Of course, I didn't look."

Then there came the rap, rap, of the call-box at the door. The fifteen minutes were over. But I had the treaty under my arm, and I had paid the price.

CHAPTER XIX.

Maxine Plays the Last Hand of the Game.

When the play was over, I let Raoul go home with me to supper. If Goden-sky knew, as he may have known, since he seemed to know all my movements—perhaps he thought that I was seeing Raoul for the last time, and sending him away from me forever. But, though the game was not in my hands yet, my mind to defy Goden-sky. I had almost promised that, if he held his hand, I would give Raoul up, and never have I broken my word. But I wrote a letter to him, changed my mind, saying I could do his worst, and that he could do his worst against Raoul. I let Raoul and myself go, for nothing should part us two

except death? Then he would have fair warning that I did not intend to do the thing to which he had needily forced me, and I would fight him when he tried to take revenge. But meanwhile, before he got that letter, I would—I must—find some way of putting the treaty back in its place at the Foreign Office.

It was too soon to dare to be happy, yet, for it was on the cards that, even when I had saved Raoul from the consequences of my political treachery, Goden-sky might still be able to ruin me with him. Yet, the relief I felt after the all but hopeless anguish in which I had been drowning for the last few days, gave to my spirit a wild exhilaration that night. I encouraged Raoul with hints that I had news of the necklace, and said that, if he would let me come to him in his office as soon as it was open in the morning, I might be able to surprise him pleasantly. Of course, he answered that it would give him the greatest joy to see me there, or anywhere; and we parted with an appointment for 9 o'clock next day.

When he had gone, I wrote a note—a very short note—to Count Goden-sky. I wanted to have it ready; but I did not mean to send it till the treaty was in the safe whence I had taken it. Then, the letter should go at once, by messenger; and it would still be very early in the day, I hoped.

Usually, I had my cup of chocolate in bed at 9; but on the morning which followed I was dressed and ready to go out, at 8:30. I think that I had not slept at all, but that didn't matter. I felt strong and fresh, and my heart was full of courage. I was having nothing to do but to plan, and knew how I meant to play the last hand in the game. It might go against me. But I held a high trump.

Again, as before, Raoul received me alone.

"Dearest," he exclaimed, "I know your news must be good, for you look so bright and beautiful. Tell me—tell me!"

I laughed, teasingly, though Heaven knew I was in no mood for teasing. "You're too impatient," I said. "To punish me, or asking about the wretched diamonds before you inquired how I slept, and whether I dreamed of you, I shall make you pay a penalty."

"Any penalty you will," he answered, laughing too, and entering into the joke—for he was happy and hopeful now, seeing that I could joke.

"Let me sit down and write at your desk, on a bit of your paper," I said.

He gave me pen and ink. I scribbled off a few words, and folded the note into an envelope. "Now, this is very precious," I went on. "It tells you all you want to know. But—I'm going to post it."

"No, no," he protested. "I can't wait for the post."

"Oh, I wouldn't trust my treasure to the post-office, not even if it were insured. Open that wonderful safe you gave me a peep into the other day, and I'll put this valuable document in among the others, not more valuable to the country than this ought to be to you. I'll hide it there, and you must shut up the safe without looking for it, till I've gone. Then, you must count ten, and after that—you may search. Remember, you said you'd submit to any penalty, so no excuse, no complaints."

"Raoul laughed. 'You shall have your way, fantastic though it be, for you are a sorceress, and have bewitched me.'"

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

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